

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, December 25, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAP. XVIII.

Thus Virtue can itself advance,
To what the fav'ring sons of Chance,
By Fortune seem'd design'd:
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight,
Upon th' unworthy mind.

FARNBY.

DURING the absence of Lord Russel, who failed not to fulfil her request, Olivia seemed thoughtful and uneasy; but the presence of Constantia had always the power to dispel her melancholy, and she behaved to her with more tenderness than ever. She had received several letters from Raymond, written in a style of platonic affection. She always gave them to Matilda to read; and, when they were returned to her, sighed deeply, placed them in her pocket-book, and surveyed Constantia, if present, with scrutinizing attention.

The return of Lord Russel decided at once their hopes and fears. He delivered the Baron's letter to Olivia with a trembling hand and looks of hauteur which ill agreed.—She received it with agitation, and eagerly broke the seal. As she read, her lips quivered; her cheeks assumed a pallid hue; and she could scarcely support herself from falling. Russel held his arm round her with tender concern, when, clasping her hands together, tears came to her relief, and she exclaimed—

"All is well!"

Constantia felt very faint, and instantly, attended by Russel, quitted the room. Olivia, turning to Matilda, said—

"I entreat you, my dear benefactress, be not distressed—My father has, I own, complied with my request:—The sooner, therefore, we conclude this disagreeable and distressing affair, the better for all parties. Oblige me, therefore, by acquainting Raymond with the event. Propriety will, of course, induce him to hasten hither. I would wish the intermediate time to pass as privately as possible, if you will dispense with my meeting at the accustomed times with your family. You will also oblige me much by detaining Lord Russel, to whom I have something of importance to communicate in a day or two."

She then held her handkerchief to her face, and pressing the hand of Matilda in silence, withdrew.

Constantia re-entered, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, wept in her bosom.

"Suppress your sorrows, my dear child," said Matilda, with forced composure: "bear your disappointment with patience. It is my pleasure that you be present at the marriage ceremony; therefore exert yourself. Consider how much you, by this appearance of grief, distress the already afflicted Raymond! Exert yourself, therefore, my dear girl, and conquer this unhappy weakness."

"I will, my best of mothers," said Constantia—"I will conquer this stubborn heart; and you shall see me all your fondest wishes can desire."

The entrance of Lord Russel now put an end to the conversation, when he promised obedience to Olivia's desire.—The conversation then became general, though not

lively; and they separated at an early hour.

The following morning the expected party arrived at the Castle. Sir William and his Lady entered, followed by Raymond. All eyes were instantly struck with his altered person, which was now worn by internal anxiety to a mere object. He flew to the arms of Matilda, called her his mother, and could no longer restrain his sobs, which burst forth on her maternal bosom. He embraced Russel, but turned from Constantia with a look which declared how incapable he was of supporting the interview. He then, in an almost inarticulate voice, enquired for Olivia, and a servant was accordingly sent to desire her presence. She entered with a stately but composed air. At the first glimpse of Raymond's emaciated figure she started; but, recovering herself, paid her respects to them in an easy, careless manner; and, taking a letter from her pocket, blushed deeply.

"This letter," said she, turning to Raymond, who fixed his eyes on the ground, "so nearly concerns us, that I thought it proper we should all be present at the reading of it. To you, Lord Russel, I assign the task: once more oblige me by perusing it. You, I believe, are the most indifferent of the party."

She held it out to him—he took it from her, surprise and disdain painted in his eyes.

"Olivia!—what mean you? Do you design to turn me into ridicule?"

She smiled.

"Well, well, my Lord, I perceive you are incorrigible. However, I can punish you—Since you will not read it, I must."

Then turning to the party, who stood astonished at her trifling, she continued—

"In this letter my father gives his consent to my marrying—provided he chuses to accept me——Lord Russel."

Every one uttered an exclamation of surprise; and Lord Russel catching the letter which fell from her hands, kissed it with transport; and, perceiving the trick she had played him, prostrated himself at her feet with the most rapturous acknowledgments.

—"Stay, stay, my Lord," said she, raising him—"I have yet much to say—restrain these transports, and attend."

Then, turning to Constantia, she resumed—"You well know, my dear friend, that I was always acquainted with the most secret sentiments of your soul—Could you, then, suppose me, for an instant, capable of doing you a premeditated injury?—or, could you think I would meanly accept the hand of a man, whose heart was, I know, devoted to you, and was to me but the offspring of compassion?—Ah, no!—you yet know not Olivia.—For my friend I would resign much—and for the happiness of those I love I would relinquish my own. I, however, determined to punish you for your suspicions, by concealing from you, for some time, my real intentions; knowing that the pleasure of a general understanding, would fully compensate for the misery of past suspense. I now entreat pardon for the pain I have caused to you all."

Then taking the willing hands of Raymond and Constantia, she joined them. Tears of rapture started from her eyes.

"Now, my dear friends," said she, "may you be as happy as you deserve."

"Generous friend!" cried Constantia, embracing her—"this is too much!—You sacrifice your own happiness for mine!"

"Hush!" cried Olivia, putting her hand on her mouth—"you pay me a very ill compliment, by supposing I am not happy in witnessing your felicity." Then, addressing Russel, she resumed—"Now, my lord, a few words with you. I have of late received convincing proofs of your worth, and regard for me, though unmerited; if, therefore, after what you have witnessed, as well as heard me declare, you are willing to accept my hand, it is your's. And I think," added she, smiling, "that, in a little time, respect and esteem will ensure you a reclaimed heart, not altogether unworthy your acceptance."

"Fully sensible of the value of the gift, I receive it with joy," cried the astonished and delighted Russel. "This last proof of your worth endears you more than ever to that heart, of which you have long been the dearest object; and I shall restore you to your fond father, as a daughter worthy of his ten-

derest love; and shall receive you from his hands as the dearest gift he could bestow."

De Lacy and Matilda were not less delighted than Sir William and Lady Barome; by turns they embraced the noble-minded Olivia, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on her conduct; fervently praying that she might be as happy with Russel as she had rendered her friend.—Olivia, proud of their approbation, seemed wholly to have overcome her former prepossession, and behaved to Raymond as to an esteemed brother;—and hinted a wish that their marriages might take place together. This was accordingly agreed upon, and preparations were made for their celebration, which was to take place after she had an interview with the Baron, whose presence was requested at the Castle, to witness the happy nuptials of Raymond and Constantia.

All being finally adjusted, Olivia took leave of her friends, assuring them of a speedy return; and, attended by her beloved Russel, returned to the Baron St. Welham. Her reception was such as her most sanguine wishes could expect. All past offences were buried in oblivion, and nothing thought of but happiness. Agreeably to the proposed plan, they all returned to Warrenne Castle, and the marriage ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence. After a fortnight spent in rejoicing, Lord and Lady Russel took a tender leave of their friends, and returned with the Baron to St. Welham Abbey.

De Lacy and Matilda, happy in each other, and in the fair prospect of their children, repaired to their estate in Cornwall; a spot ever dear to her, from the circumstance of her first interview with Valtimond.

Sir William and Lady Barome retired to their own chateau, leaving the Castle De Warrenne to their son and newly-made daughter, who, conscious of the virtues of their respective parents, looked up to them for the regulation of all their actions. The friends, though thus perversely divided, kept up a constant intercourse by letter.

De Lacy, with some exertions, obtained the reversion of the title of Earl of Surry for Raymond, with the addition of its considerable revenues; in whom the augmentation of wealth and title could work no essential change; he was already possessed of merit of the most exalted nature; filial piety and conjugal affection no less distinguishing his mind, than nature had endowed his person with attraction; and the reward he obtained he gained by VIRTUE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

SIR,

I HAVE attentively considered your very agreeable epistle, what a treat! it recalled to my memory a lively description I somewhere read of chaos—

"A heap confus'd, unfashion'd and unform'd,
"Of jarring seeds was justly chaos nam'd."

But lest some of those gentlemen of literary fame, with whom you appear to be intimate, should blame me, I shall pay a *little* more attention to your production than it deserves.

You say, "I have pressed myself on the public, the champion of my sex, unasked, uncalled." Sweet Sir, who told you I wrote unasked, uncalled? be pleased to remember, that whenever an attack is made on any person, or party, that person or party is called upon to answer;—but you indeed *pressed* yourself on the public *unasked, uncalled*, and so *heavily* too, that at last, the public, like an unruly horse, kicked and threw its rider. It was a pity, indeed it was a pity, that a youth "whose desire is steadily to *pursue the path* that leads to honor," should thus be soused, like *Dr. Slop*, in the mud, and beaten by a girl with her distaff. No wonder indeed it is, that thy honorable heart beat high,—nothing strange, that thou didst draw thy dagger of lath, and give the little vixen such a drubbing—"I presume that you have to learn, that it is improper and scandalous to attack those who have no desire to offend." Indeed I have, for that you wrote with a *good intention* I doubt not. You intended to write sense, and you unfortunately wrote *nonsense*; and could your *good intention* make sense of it? Remember, my dear fellow, that good intentions can never make a bad action a good one—You wrote against dress, a simple girl requests you to write plainer, to write correctly, to tell her what sort of dress would please your taste, and what not, and you modestly assert, that this was *improper and scandalous*—When next, sweet youth, you enlighten the public with your sage observations, tell us what constitutes an improper, and what a scandalous action; and endeavour, whilst you teach, to *LEARN*—"In your silly production you have indulged in personality, and evinced the most consummate vanity."—Very good—I am very sorry that you are as little able to understand the writings of another, as to write intelligibly yourself. I give you my word your wearing *boots or shoes* never once entered into my mind: and with your ancestors I had no-

thing to do. How such a construction of the following sentence could have entered into your head, is to me incomprehensible: "I beseech you, in the name of the female sex, to begin with the turban, and not to lag in your glorious race until you figure on the form of a shoe." The word *in*, by a typographical error was put for *on*; but this could not warrant your construction—the real meaning then would have been, until you were changed into the shape of a shoe, than which nothing could be more absurd, or farther from my intention. The sentence was too plain to be mistaken—it was only this, describe every part of our apparel.

"I would willingly inform you how dress can be a foible and a crime, but the obscenity of the language in which the information would have to be given, deters me." Good la! what a pa thing this dress is!—it is a foible, but modesty forbids to tell how; it is a crime, but virtuous persons cannot describe this crime!! dear O dear! how shall a silly girl like me avoid it? Bless my heart! ladies beware! what makers of crimes are the mantua-makers, milliners, and tailors!! No wonder *Water-street* is wicked, when so many crimes in the shape of spencers, pantaloon and short jackets hang at the windows!! Dear reforming Sir, fee a lawyer, prosecute these crime-makers, send them to Botany-bay, or some other bay, that so virtue may flourish, and we all live without dress,—for dress is a foible and a crime!!!

"I was much surprised at your objection to the word *though*. A great grammarian uses it in the same manner that I have, and I believe that custom hath confirmed its use." In one word, my dear boy, I deny it; no grammarian ever used it as you have done; *though* (if a girl must inform you) requires yet after it, thus "though many read, yet few understand;" *though* *Amator Virtutis* has spent some time in studying grammar, yet he does not understand it†.

Now comes your sentence—"I must inform you, though dress would be considered as a foible rather than a crime, were it not attached to the vilest of mankind;"—is the sentence finished? on what does this *though* depend? Leave it out, the meaning of your sentence is, dress would be a foible rather than a crime, if the vilest of mankind went undressed. And a pretty one it is, make your best of it for Betsey.

Your *virtuous pursuit*, and your *pursuing the path that leads to honour*, are elegant figures truly; but I would advise you rather to walk in the path that leads to honour, than run af-

ter it; nor is a vain pursuit, admitting the figure to be just, its opposite—let a girl once more inform you, a *vicious* pursuit would be the opposite of a virtuous pursuit. It is true, these figures may do for you, but they will not do for me.

I now think I see you "in all the majesty of boots," (pardon me for using an expression of yours which I do not understand,) strutting about, pronouncing me "a scandalous, vain, conceited, impertinent girl, devoid of every virtuous principle," because I dare to blame your composition. My dear Sir, be patient, smooth your anger-portending brow, I believe you to be yet little acquainted with the world, and a stranger in many respects to yourself; as you walk thro' life, if you be ready to throw a stone at every one who may happen to censure you, depend on it, you will be like Ishmael, your hand against every man, and every man's hand against you. But to be schooled by a girl! aye, there's the rub! and why not?—My heart beats with joy, when I consider, that no longer is woman bound in the chains of ignorance and slavery; we are blessed with the advantages which flow from education. In this city, I am happy to say, our teachers are as able as yours; and, excuse me, generous Sir, I believe our abilities and application are at least equal.

Now, my dear Sir, before I take a final leave of you, for I do not intend to carry this silly controversy into the next year's Repositories, take in good part the following advice:—When next you intend to address the public, consider well the subject, strengthen your mind by reading some good author who has treated of it, be sure that all your definitions be just; keep your dictionary always before you, that so you may use no word in a vague sense; and lastly, remember to keep your signature a secret, that should it again happen, for which I hope there will be no occasion, that some *saucy girl* should give you a fillip or two, no person shall have it in his power to mark you as you pass.

BETSEY PRIM.

ANECDOTES.

THE late Mr. Cambridge was one of the chief literary props of a periodical paper, entitled "The World." Mr. Moore, the conductor of that paper, in any extremity, constantly applied to his friend Cambridge, upon whose fertile genius, and friendly promptitude, he could always rely. It happened, that an application of this kind was made to Mr. Cambridge on a Sunday, and during the

service at Church, he appeared so much wrapt in thought, that when it was over, he was gently rebuked by a lady for suffering his mind to wander from the solemn purpose of the place. "I assure you, Madam, (said he) you are mistaken, for my thoughts were really employed upon the *next World*."

Lon. Pap.

ALEXANDER I.

IT is related of the present emperor of Russia, that on the Chamberlain Witoff waiting upon him to make a report, respecting a new institution for the benefit of the poor, his majesty being very busy, wished to postpone it, but asked what the business was?—"It relates to the poor," replied the chamberlain. "The affairs of the unfortunate," said the emperor, "ought to be considered before all others, I will attend to it immediately."

THE DEAR PORTRAIT.

THE celebrated Marchioness de Chatillet considered it as an augmentation of her fame to have Voltaire among the number of her transient admirers. She soon, however, perceived, that the poet only played the lover from a species of pride, and therefore threw herself into the arms of the muscular Abbe Macarty. He was an Irishman; and a few years afterwards went to Constantinople, and turned Musselman. In the mean time, Voltaire continued in appearance her favourite admirer, till she, at length, wholly abandoned him, to make room for M. de St. Lambert, who would not admit of a rival. Soon after this, she died, and a sale of her furniture, jewels, &c. was advertised. The moment Voltaire heard this, he recollected that he had presented the Marchioness with a snuff-box, in which, under a private cover, his portrait was artfully concealed. Fearing that this box, if it got into strange hands, would subject him to ridicule, he commissioned some of his friends to buy it for him, at any price. By mistake, the one friend bid against the other, till, at length, the box was knocked off for a considerable sum. Voltaire scarcely got it into his hands, before he sprung open the cover to behold his portrait; when lo! instead of his own, he found that of M. de St. Lambert, his favoured rival!

HENRY IV. of France, asked a lady, which was the way to her bed-chamber? To which she sensibly and modestly replied, "The only way to my bed-chamber, Sir, is through the Church."

† Murry's Grammar, page 165.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[The following Dialogue is well calculated to expose the wonderful exhibitions and raree shows, by which the citizens of Philadelphia are mocked in the winter season. The subject is interesting, and the foolery of burning and restoring bank-notes, making pancakes in a hat, imitating squeaking pigs, &c. is placed in a very striking point of view.]

Ed.

MR. HOGAN,

A FEW evenings ago, as I sat in one of the boxes in Mr. ***'s tavern, I overheard the following dialogue between a smart, well-dressed citizen, and a very plain country farmer.—I think the subject of importance, and therefore request you to give it a place in your Repository.

Citizen. Will you go to-morrow evening and see? If you do, I am convinced you will be much pleased.

Farmer. I doubt it much; but what must be paid for admission?

Cit. Only half-a-dollar—'tis but a trifle.

Far. True, 'tis but fifty cents; how many, think you, will be there?

Cit. I cannot say, perhaps 200.

Far. Two hundred! that would be one hundred dollars! pretty well! and pray what will they learn for all that money?

Cit. Learn! learn! why they'll learn nothing; it will be all seeing.

Far. So, so; well, and what have they to shew that will *profit* the citizens a 100 dollars?

Cit. Why, first they will see one of the performers burn a 60 dollar bank note.

Far. Amazing! sure the d—l is in the man! burn a 60 dollar bank note!

Cit. O Sir, you are in too great haste—he will restore it again in a second of time.

Far. Will he, indeed? Why, that is really valuable,—it is a great, a noble discovery,—burn it first! and then restore it again!—The man's a fool to go on at this rate; he should get a patent for the discovery! Let me see, why his fortune's made! happy man!! I hope at least he'll tell the poor people of the city, they'll bless him for it all the winter. Yes, yes, I'll certainly go and give him a dollar, yes, yes!

Cit. What do you mean? I protest I do not understand you; the poor bless him!—I cannot tell what you mean!

Far. Mean! why it is very plain; a poor man borrows or begs an armful of wood, makes a rousing fire, burns it, and then by the secret restores it to wood again; thus one armful of wood will last the whole winter.

Cit. Ha! ha! ha! sure you are not serious?

Far. Yes, but I am though; for if he can burn a *bank note*, and restore it again to its former shape and value, he can burn a cord of wood and restore it again; the one is as easy as the other.

Cit. Oh, you do not understand man; he will not burn the note, but will make you believe that he burns it.

Far. Is that all! I'll not go,—he'll never get a half-penny of my money at that rate; I'll pay no man for cheating me if I can help it. But is this all?

Cit. No; he will cause all the money, notes, memorandums, &c. escape out of a pocket-book, and go into another gentleman's pocket.

Far. And can he do this?

Cit. Yes he can.

Far. And the citizens go to see him, and pay for his performance? well, it is strange, he must be a rare hand at picking pockets: what encouragement to the young to learn such tricks! I'll not go,—I fear it is a bad school to learn morals at. But what more?

Cit. Why here is the bill, read for yourself.

The farmer took the bill, put on his spectacles, and read the whole, sometimes laughing, at others groaning; and then went on:

Far. Well, I protest things are come to a fine pass indeed, when such things are permitted. Let me see, "he will make pancakes with a dozen of eggs,"—my black Sill can do that as well as he, I'll wager any money; but not in a *hat*, he can beat Sill there. "Change a card into a cat"—the devil can't do that; but that's like the bank-note, a deception. Then a fellow balances a coach-wheel, and an iron axle-tree—great performance!!! and then a little boy, on a table; and then dancing; the black-a-moor, the dusty millar, the highlandman, and the American sailor!—excellent company! well arranged! and the best foremost! And to close the whole he will grunt like a pig, mew like a cat, neigh like a horse, croak like a frog, coo like a dove, mourn like a screech-owl, and bark like a fox; for I suppose these are the beasts and birds. And for all this receive only a *poor* 100 dollars!!! Hark ye, friends, what will you learn from all this?

Cit. Nothing.

Far. Come out with me, man, I will let you hear a dozen hogs grunting to-morrow morning round the swill-trough, for *nothing*; you shall hear my dog bark for *nothing*; you shall hear ducks, and hens, and geese, for *nothing*; and if you have half a dollar to spare, you can give it to a poor widow in the neighbourhood, whose husband died in the fever, and left her without a sixpence

to struggle through the world with six small children.

Cit. I dare say the money would be better laid out, but then you know we must have some amusement.

Far. Yes, to be sure; but in the name of common sense, what amusement can you derive from hearing a man grunting like a pig, or seeing him balancing a coach-wheel, or frying pancakes, or exhibiting a cat instead of a card? If this be amusement, I know not what amusement means. Besides, I would ask, has it any good tendency? are those who pay their half dollar, and see the show, any wiser, or any better? What moral sentiment can be deduced from a miserable imitation of a grunting hog? or what benefit can the mechanic derive from a man's balancing a coach-wheel on his nose or his chin. If the police of the city were of my mind, no such imposers should be permitted to draw from the labouring poor by deception, tricks, and nonsense, money which they so hardly earn, and which goes to support men, who, if they were not thus supported, would turn their talents to some use by which society might receive some advantage. But I see it grows late; I tell you, my friend, I would not be seen encouraging these idle fellows, by going to see their gigmaree tricks, and raree shows, for—for the best horse I ever rode.

So saying, they rose and left the tavern. I also paid for my pint of beer, and trudged home; fully determined not to give a penny for things that can be of no advantage.

PETER PAUL MORALITY.

ZOOLOGY.

It is a curious fact, in the history of animals, that the nastiest are the most long-lived. A swine, which is among the dirtiest of all creatures, will live twenty-five years; whereas a sheep, which is a very neat animal, will live only ten years.

Those species of fowls, which are most noted for longevity, are such as feed on carrion. The raven and the eagle will live to the age of one hundred years; but a pidgeon, which is a bird remarkable for its cleanliness and delicacy, will live only eight years. It is a remarkable arrangement in the system of nature, that some kinds of animals should feed deliciously on, and receive substantial nourishment from substances, which are both loathsome and poisonous to others. Carrion is not only delicious to the palates of eagles and ravens, but is to them a most wholesome food; otherwise it would not sustain and prolong their lives to the extreme age of an hundred years.

[Balance.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A PERUSAL of the *Introductory Letter* of Mr. Craig, afforded me very singular pleasure. In my opinion, it is a performance of uncommon merit, and highly deserving of approbation. It bespeaks throughout an acute, penetrating, and scientific mind. The arrangement is lucid, the sentences generally well constructed, the ideas clear and nervous.

I cannot but felicitate the young men of Philadelphia, on the opportunity afforded them of genuine instruction in sublime, interesting, and most useful truths. I am informed that the lectures are to be delivered in the evening, which will be peculiarly advantageous to those who are engaged in business during the day.

I sincerely hope and trust that a respectable number will be induced to suspend the movements of pleasure, of folly and vice, for the sake of the mind. I am well persuaded, from authentic sources of information, that Mr. Craig is eminently qualified for discharging the duties of the task which he has been induced to undertake. I therefore hope, for his sake, as well as for the interest of science, and that of the rising generation, that Mr. Craig will meet with a patronage in some degree commensurate with his talents.

SENEX.

(From the *Lady's Monthly Museum*.)

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT AGAINST A GOOD WIFE.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I AM one of those persons, who have the misfortune to have what is generally termed, a good wife. She is, I confess, sober and industrious; and she is fully of opinion that sobriety and industry are, the essential qualifications of a wife. My linen, my hose, &c. are kept in excellent repair; my breakfast, dinner, and supper provided at regular hours; my house, under her directions, is always remarkably clean; and she strictly performs the duty of a mother towards her children. Pluming herself upon these perfections, she is in every other respect the most disagreeable woman living. If the maid by accident happens to break a tea-cup or a saucer, the house is in a commotion for three or four days; and neither I nor any of the children dare open our mouths to this immaculate woman, for fear of sharing some of the abuse which she so lavishly bestows upon her maid. She generally has a baker's dozen

of servants in the course of a year; and they chiefly turn out so very bad in her opinion, that she refuses to give them a character to enable them to engage in the service of another. The last maid we had she turned away because she was so careless that she fell down stairs and hurt herself; this she deemed an unpardonable crime. Not long ago she discharged another for wearing white stockings, imagining, I suppose, they were too alluring for me to look at; another, because she turned her toes inward, and she was afraid the children would copy her manner of walking; she sent away a very fine girl because she wore a wire cap; but most of them turn themselves away, because, they say, she is such an intolerable vixen, that they would rather live with the d—l than with her. My misfortune is, that it is not in my power to turn myself away, or, believe me, Sir, I would not give a moment's warning; for she uses me, if possible, worse than her maids; and, when I expostulate with her upon her conduct, she tells me I am the happiest man in the world.

"You are *blessed* with a wife," says she, "that does not spend her time and money in going to balls and plays;—a sober, frugal woman;—a woman of more economy than any in the parish—ininitely too good for you."

She then, perhaps, abuses me half an hour without intermission; and I am obliged to suffer in silence; for, should I presume to reply, the contest would last the whole day. I wish, Sir, you would inform me what are the necessary steps to be taken with such a woman: for I should be much happier with one who is *idle*, and a *drunkard*, than with such a *sober*, *virtuous*, *industrious* woman as my wife.

Your humble servant,

SOLOMON SUGARLOAF.

✧ *The near approach of a New Year, renders the following Reflections, copied from a late Irish publication, peculiarly pertinent, and deserving the serious attention of every reader.*

REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN LIFE, AND THE PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

THESE trees, whose branches are yielding to the impetuosity of the boisterous blast, whose leaves are now scattering by the winds of Autumn, were a few days back the ornament of the country, and

the delight of its inhabitants: their branches were covered with verdure, their trunks were nearly overcome by the weight of the fruit suspended from their boughs. Those rivers rolling down the distant hills and valleys with such an accelerating motion, formed, not long since, a part of the huge sounding deep—whence they came, thither they return. Yon glorious orb, the Sun, rising in the East, ascends with a motion inconceivably swift, until he arrives at his Southern or greatest altitude, cherishing the earth with his vivifying rays; he then with the same rapid motion descends and sets in the West—the hills begin to disappear, and in a little time are enveloped in the sable curtains of night. The forked lightning darts with a velocity so swift that our visual organs are often deceived in its direction.

What striking similitudes of the sublimity of creation! There is not any thing which is the subject of our senses, but what is continually undergoing changes. The mountains, the everlasting hills, the sun himself shall fade away. Changeableness seems to be a law inscribed on every thing which exists.

There is nothing, however, in the cabinet of wonders, in the museum of curiosities, of which this vast world is the theatre, that has been made in vain. Every species of beings is formed with reason or instinct, desire or aversion, suitable to that sphere in which they are to act; and these are developed in proportion to their exigencies, and called into exercise as circumstances require. Man, endowed with superior intellect, is lord of the creation, from the equator to the poles; from the frozen regions of Lapland, and the bleak and inhospitable climate of New Holland, to the burning deserts of Arabia. But as man is the superior in this world, so greater and more important duties are required at his hand. Yet, on a comparison of the duties and industry of man and other creatures, it is a lamentable truth that he falls short in almost every particular. The length of man's life is perfectly suited to the nature of his existence. Was the poor old man to protract his life to a longer period, would he not be a burthen to others, and a trouble to himself?

Some men come into this world under the most favourable auspices; no frost nips the tender leaves of hope, no barrier obstructs their prospects, no cloud bedims their horizon. Ere long comes a killing frost, obstacles insurmountable oppose them, the black clouds of adversity prevent them from arriving to that meridian to

which they tend. Others again, advance into the world without an eye to observe their footsteps, without a sycophant to paint the inherent hereditary virtue of crowns and mitres, stars and garters, who in a few years scale the summit of adversity, and demolish the bulwarks of an obscure birth. In this disposition of affairs how evidently does the wisdom of Providence appear! Was life one continued scene of good fortune, man, intoxicated, would forget his God, his brethren of mankind, and himself—was man still encountering the bitter blasts of woe, he would repine at fate, and like Job, curse the day of his birth: whereas, from a proper mixture of good and evil, man is preserved from running to the extreme, which either, singly, would drive him to.

I hold that pleasure and pain, happiness and misery are only relative terms. True pleasure and lasting happiness originate in and are only supported by exercising those faculties and powers of mind, comprehended under the term of reason, by which the man and the brute are distinguished from each other.

To the calm observer, and diligent enquirer after holy truth, this position can neither appear preposterous, nor standing in need of any demonstration. If this be true, how incumbent is it on man to be diligent in his avocations, and employing his time in pursuits worthy his character! Physical reasons might be given why man should be diligent, and as a moral agent, he is bound to employ his time in pursuits pleasing to his Creator, beneficial to mankind, and consequently agreeable to himself.

The person who employs his time diligently, in that particular line of life in which he has engaged, never has occasion to complain that the day hangs heavy on him. Want of occupation alone renders life disagreeable, fosters opinions destructive of the existence, and in direct opposition to the happiness of society. Slothfulness is the parent of disease, the murderer of contentment, and the fore-runner of poverty. To no purpose is a hale constitution, a sound judgment, and a retentive memory, given by the Author of existence, to the careless and idle. Youth is the time that nature dictates, it is the season in which reason says, a useful and entertaining stock should be acquired. On this the mind at a future period, when disengaged from business, can ruminate with joy, and reason with satisfaction.

The years now rolling over our heads will declare to posterity how we employed

our time. If dedicated to the happiness of mankind, our remains will be blessed, our connections shall be respected;—if to the disadvantage of mankind, our names will be cursed, at best they will be buried in the tomb of oblivion. From the uncertainty of time, we are called on to let no moment pass in which we are not employed in enlarging the mind by proper pursuits. Indolence is the source of numberless misfortunes; it stops our progress in learning, knowledge and wisdom of every kind, and in the end renders us disesteemed by the virtuous, and shunned by the good. The lessons of wisdom are not to be attained by inactivity; they must be sought for with care, and can only be attained by the most diligent application. He who mispends his time in the pursuit of sensual gratifications, can never expect to have his name rewarded by the esteem of posterity, nor his fame once remembered by men of future years.

By employing our time in a course of religion and virtue, we in the end always obtain a sufficient reward. With whatever eagerness we pursue ambition, or court grandeur, however high we advance in the scale of fickle dignity and honour, we are still liable to be overcome by disgrace, and indeed the more so the higher we advance. A consciousness of the rectitude of intention, and of having performed our duty, is a field of delight to the victim of tyranny, chained in the lowest cell of the gloomy dungeon.

To search after wisdom is certainly among the first ends of our being; "for wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Man actuated by the principle of benevolence, becomes a sociable being; in subordination to its dictates, he should frequently be asking himself, *What have I been doing?* Besides, how agreeable the reflection,

"When life's gay hours are past,"

looking back with the testimony of a good conscience, to say, we have to the utmost of our power been endeavouring to perform our duty to our Creator, to mankind, and to ourselves.

—Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.
MOR. CAR. XI.

Answers to the Rebuses, &c. by a Correspondent of Annapolis, in page 352.

11. A FEATHERED MUFF.
12. A WIDOW.

Solution to the Question proposed by Mr. N. MAJOR, in page 303.

First by transposing y^2x , in the first equation, and dividing by x , we have $z^2 = \frac{b-y^2x}{x}$, and by transposing x^2y , in the second equation, and dividing by y , we have $z^2 = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, hence $\frac{b-y^2x}{x} = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, which cleared of fractions we have $xy^3+by-xy^3=cx$, which divided by x , gives $x^2y + \frac{by}{x} - y^3 = c$, again from the third equation we find $z = \frac{d}{x^2+y^2}$, which squared gives $z^2 = \frac{d^2}{x^4+2x^2y^2+y^4}$, which substituted for

z^2 , in the equation $z^2 = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, we have $\frac{d^2}{x^4+2x^2y^2+y^4} = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, which cleared of

fractions gives $cx^4+2cx^2y^2+cy^4-x^6y-2x^4y^3-x^2y^5=d^2y$, again let the equation $x^3y+by-xy^3=cx$ be multiplied by x^3 , then we have $cx^4=x^6y+bx^3y-x^4y^3$, which substituted for cx^4 , in the above equation we have $2cx^2y^2+bx^3y+cy^4-3x^4y^3-x^2y^5=d^2y$, which divided by y , gives $2cx^2y+bx^3+cy^3-3x^4y^2-x^2y^4=d^2$, hence the two equations, each containing two unknown

quantities are $x^2y + \frac{by}{x} - y^3 = c$, and $2cx^2y + bx^3 + cy^3 - 3x^4y^2 - x^2y^4 = d^2$: to solve these equations, suppose $x=10$, then $346, 6y-y^3=2142$, by the first equation, from which $y=7,30449$, the value of x and y , raised to their proper index, and wrote in the second equation, gives $4544707,2925$, which should have been 3802500 , therefore $4544707,2925 - 3802500 = 742207,2925$, the error, which shews that 10 , the supposed number is too great; again suppose $x=8$, then $372,25y-y^3=2142$, from which $y=6,48779$, the value of x and y , raised to their proper index, and wrote in the second equation, gives $2995718,92848$, which should have been 3802500 , therefore $3802500 - 2995718,92848 = 806781,07152$, the error, which shews that 8 , the supposed number is too

little, hence $\frac{10-8 \times 742207,2925}{742207,2925 + 806781,07152} = 0,95831$, the correction, and $x=10 - 0,95831 = 9,04169$, nearly which being taken for x , we have $y=7,01728$, both which values are too great, therefore put $e=9,04169$, and $e-z=x$, and put $r=7,01728$, and $r-y$, these values being wrote for

x and y , in the foregoing equations, we have by rejecting all their powers above the first, $e^3s - 3e^2sz - e^3r + 3e^2rz + bs - br - s^3e + 3es^2r + s^3z - 3s^2rz + cz = ce$, and $\begin{cases} 2ce^2s - 4cesz - 2ce^2r + 4cerz + be^3 - 12e^3s^2z - 24e^3srz + 6e^4sr - s^4e^2 + 3be^2z + cs^3 - 3cs^2r - 3e^4s^2 + 4s^3e^2r + 2s^4ez - 8s^3erz \end{cases} = d^2$,

these equations reduced and in numbers, we have by the first,

$$\frac{1869,4792r - 0,00546}{= 97,52982r + 766,51319} \text{ and by the second, } z = \frac{32556,92587 - 272263,6366r}{667792,10644 + 72013,77219r},$$

these two values of z being put equal to each other, cleared of fractions and reduced, we have $r^2 + 9,02049r = 0,15484$, a quadratic, which solved gives $r = 0,01713$ nearly, from which we find $z = 0,04168$, hence $x = 9,00001$, and $y = 7,00015$, and by repeating the operation, we find $z = 9$, and $y = 7$, from which $z = 15$, the number required.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 25, 1802.

✶ This day's Repository completes the Second Volume—The first number of the Third Volume will appear on Saturday, the 1st day of January, 1803. The work will be continued upon the same plan, and edited upon the same principles as heretofore; which, the editor is happy to say, appear to have given pretty general satisfaction.

A Title Page and Index to the present volume will be delivered to subscribers in a few weeks.

LINES,

Occasioned by reading the Account of Miss Mary Breeze's death, mentioned in the last No. of the Repository.

SO good a shot was Mary Breeze,
That Death was 'fraid his right to seize;
Near fourscore years he kept his distance,
For well he knew she'd make resistance:
At length he caught her in her bed,
And knock'd poor Molly on the head.

No more with morning dawn she'll rise,
To plague the air with thund'ring noise;
Or start the lev'ret from its den;
Or rouse, from moor or brake, the hen;
No more her livid lightnings fly,
Where falling coveys pant and die;
Where duck, goose, pheasant, teal and widgeon,
Woodcock and mallard, snipe and pidgeon,

Do one promiscuous carnage form,
The dread effect of Polly's storm.
Hail happy remnant, who survive
The gen'ral wreck:—ye now may thrive;
For Molly's gone, with mare and dogs,
To seek for game in other bogs.

S.

MEMOIR OF AVARICE.

DIED, lately at Kentish Town, in England, aged 48, *John Little*. Some days previous to his death, his physicians persuaded him to take a little wine, as indispensably necessary to recruit his decayed strength, occasioned by his miserable and parsimonious living. Mr. Little, fearful of trusting his servants with the key of the wine-cellar, insisted upon their carrying him down stairs to get a single bottle; when the sudden transition from a warm bed to a damp cellar, brought on such a fit of apoplexy, as occasioned his death. On examination it appeared that he possessed upwards of 25,000*l.* in the different counties; 11,000*l.* in the 4 per cents; besides 2000*l.* per ann. of landed property; which now devolves to a brother, to whom he never afforded the least assistance, on account of his being married, matrimony being a state in which he himself never entered, and for which he always entertained the greatest detestation. He resided upwards of 40 years in the same house, one room of which had not been occupied for the space of 14 years: but which on his death had been found to contain 173 pair of breeches, with a large proportion of other articles of wearing apparel, all which were in such a wretched state of decay, that they were sold to a Jew for a single half-guinea. In the coach-house were discovered, secreted in different parts of the building, 180 wigs, which had been bequeathed to him by different relatives, and on which he set great store.

THE following ludicrous bill was posted at Baddesly, Hampshire, by a husband whose wife had ran away from him.

"On Tuesday, Oct. 5. eloped from Bull hill, a dork brown woman, pitted with the small pox, a thick heel, and a shoulder of mutton on the heel of his hand. Whoever will bring hir to Bull hill, shall have one bushel of turf ashes for their trouble.—God save the king."

[*Lon. Pap.*]

Process for preventing and destroying Contagion; recommended by Dr. James C. Smyth, and for which he has been rewarded by the English Government.

"PUT half an ounce of Vitriolic Acid into a crucible or into a glass or china cup, or deep saucer—warm this over a lamp, or in heated sand, or over a chafing dish of coals, adding to it from time to time some powdered Salt-petre."

The effect the vapour arising from this mixture has had in such rooms in purifying the air, and destroying the contagion in bed-clothes and wearing apparel, ought strongly to recommend its use in those houses which have been infected with the late prevalent fever. It is to be observed, that during the fumigation, the doors and windows should be shut, and so much vitriol and salt-petre used as will fill the room with the vapour, and not be thrown open for the admission of fresh air until the vapour has subsided.

To recover decayed Writing upon Parchment.

Dip the Parchment, obliterated by time, into a vessel of cold water, fresh drawn from the well: in about a minute take it out, and press it between two papers, to prevent its crumpling up, in drying. As soon as it is moderately dry, if it be not legible, repeat the operation two or three times. The skin will then resume its pristine colour, and appear all alike.

The number of bankruptcies in England, from the year 1748 to the year 1797, amounted to 21,644, of which 1,302 took place in the year 1793, the first year of the last war.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 9th inst, by Michael Hillegas, esq. Mr. *Ezra Hains*, to Miss *Ann Johns*, both of Chester County.

—, on the 16th inst. at the Friends' Meeting House, in Birmingham Township, *Abraham Sharpless*, to *Catharine Wistar*, daughter of *Casper Wistar*, of Pennsbury, Chesier County.

—, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. *Peter Kuhn*, jun. of Gibraltar, son of *Peter Kuhn*, esq. of this city, to Miss *Ann Storm*, daughter of *Thomas Storm*, esq. of New York.

—, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *John C. Otto*, to Miss *Eliza Ted*, both of this City.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 14th inst. Mr. *Ralph Shuffbottom*, brother of Mr. *William Shuffbottom*, China merchant of this city.

—, on the 14th inst. at his residence in Upper Providence, Del. County. Mr. *Peter Taylor*, in the 81st year of his age, a native of that place, and a member of the society of Friends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reflection must convince *A Friend* that the subject he treats of is not of sufficient importance to occupy another column.

The Question relative to the debt of Great Britain, requires no other aid for its solution than the first rules of arithmetic; and though it might fatigue by its length, yet would fall to interest.

Pestle and Mortar's address to *Amator Virtutis* is intended no doubt to pulverise him; but it is considered by the editor as too personal.

We consider the "*Dialogue upon Chance, between Julius and Cleopantus*," as a valuable piece of antiquity; but have to regret that *D. B.*'s translation is so defective and unintelligible in point of style as to prevent its publication.

Upon a perusal of the whole of a *Reader's* last Extract, the editor is led to decline publishing it. It appears to have been taken from an author not the most modern—The sentiments in some places are unphilosophical, and the language not sufficiently perspicuous. It is hoped his next No. will be more acceptable.

John Karmigboitenfelden.—*Scraps by Peter Prim*, &c. shall receive due attention.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ode on Christmas.

Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, The Prince of Peace.

ISAIAH'S PROPHECY, IX. 6.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

JOHN'S GOSPEL, III. 16.

BEHOLD! once more the gladsome day appears,
Fairest of days in all the circling years,
Of Time's still-moving, still-progressive train—
The joyful day!—on whose auspicious morn
The glorious SAVIOUR of the World was born,
And Heav'n re-open'd to desponding Man.

Shall mortals sing a fellow-mortal's praise,
His grand exploits, his merits and his name?
His natal day shall lutes and organs raise
In eulogy, and consecrate to Fame?
And shall the Christian in supineness lie,
Nor celebrate the great REDEEMER's birth,
Who left the everlasting worlds on high,
With peace and righteousness to bless the earth?

O! for that breathing energy divine,
Which mov'd the lips of Israel's tuneful king;
That I might wake to life each silent spring
Of the heart-thrilling, hallow'd Lyre,—and join,
In joyful anthems, with the hosts above,
And acclamations, for REDEEMING LOVE!

But, Spirit of Eternal Truth! O! where
Shall my rapt soul begin the cheering strain?
Or, shall a frail and feeble creature dare
Attempt to sing—what angels try in vain?
Then, should the inexperienced Muse essay
To pour the grateful, tributary lay,

O! point to her, and aid the worthiest theme,
Mid all the blessings of the GREAT SUPREME.

When Contemplation, soaring, leaves behind
This globe, and, traversing the boundless sky,
Beholds th' ETERNAL AND ALL-PERFECT MIND,
Author of countless worlds that roll on high,—
She, in astonishment and wonder lost,
Exclaims—'What could induce th' ALMIGHTY
POWER,

'Who made and rules Heav'n's bright, stupendous host,
'Man to create, the Being of an hour?

Soon, uncorrupted Reason, makes reply—

"What but Divine Benevolence could call

"From nothing this fair animated ball,

"To join the other beauties of the sky!

"That the CREATOR's goodness might be known,

"And to the Universe his glory shewn;

"That Man might view that goodness and that pow'r,

"And, viewing, learn to praise, and to adore."

Thus, great the work of Earth's creation shone,

Thus Heav'n's first gift, the gift of life, was great;
Till Innocence from Paradise had flown,

When Sin marr'd Eden and Man's blissful state:
Instant, the brighten'd Heav'n's began to lour;
Earth, groaning, to her deep foundations shook;
And straight, an awful voice, in thunder, spoke—
'Without redemption, Man is lost for evermore!'

Here, let the Witting smile, the Fool be gay,
And whirl their little round of life away,
And drown reflection in their sport, or bowl;

Here, let the Infidel, owl-like, despise
The GOSPEL-LIGHT, too radiant for his eyes,
And hug himself to think he has no soul:

Yet, certain as they live, their masks shall fly,
When seiz'd by Death's cold grasp, and judgment strike
their eye.

How drear, alas! the Unbeliever's state,
Whose prospects all are circumscrib'd by Time,
Who cannot look thro' death, to worlds sublime,
But, in annihilation views his fate!
Oh! direful, horrible, distracting thoughts
When, to the breaking brink of being brought,
The conscious, shiv'ring, shrinking wretch must go
Down to the everlasting shades below!

Now, change the scene,—and louder strike the lyre
Let gratitude and joy the strings inspire;

Our LORD is GOD of mercy and of love!
He in compassion to His work, benign,
And Man to raise to life and bliss divine,
To earth descended from his courts above:
Then put our nature on, assum'd our cause,
And shielded us from Justice' violated laws.

And, now, behold th' all-glorious, bright reverse
See Man absolv'd from his primordial curse,
By the incarnate, blessed DEITY:
See, Sin, Death, Hell, in vain their rage combine
To frustrate gracious Heav'n's love-plann'd design—
His favour'd workmanship shall never die;
Since CHRIST his sacred blood and being gave,
For all the Human Race, from sky to sky;
And, to the victims of the gloomy grave,
Brought light and life and immortality.

Thus, if creation do our wonder raise,
And call for strains of gratitude and praise,—
How much more great, how much more wondrous is
That unexampled, blest REDEEMING LOVE,
Which raises Man to brighter worlds above,
Eternal life, and pure, eternal bliss!
And how much more should ev'ry bosom feel
The kindling raptures of transporting zeal,
And grateful hymns our souls incessant pour,
To glorify the SAVIOUR, and adore!

My soul on Fancy's rapid pinions borne
Back to the first, glad, memorable morn,
When Heav'n's bright herald-host all hail'd His birth,
Merhinks their swelling anthem fills the skies,
And thus the choral symphonies arise—
"Glory to GOD,—good-will and peace to earth."
O let me listen to th' empyreal throng,
And catch the spirit of their sacred flame,
To tune th' harmonious, all-inspiring song,
That I may sing my dear REDEEMER's name,

Oft as the golden sun, in annual round,
The glad return of this blest day shall bring,
O! may my overflowing soul be found
Waiting her praises on Devotion's wing!
Christians on earth shall join the sacred joy,
And in the strain their tuneful notes employ;
While Saints respond, in unison above;
Angels intent shall listen, and rejoice—
Hallow the incense of a mortal's voice—
And smiling Heav'n the Hymn of Gratitude approve.

ALEXIS.

H Y M N S.

HYMN XV.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

For UNTO us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon HIS shoulder,

ISAIAH IX. 6.

COME ALE thro' all thy wide domain,
With speed the joyful news convey;
Till every creature catch the strain,
And hail the Saviour's natal day.
This blushing morn recalls to mind,
When JESUS came from Heav'n to save:
To save from death, illumine the blind,
And pluck its honors from the grave.

He came; sweet Peace prepar'd the way,
Mercy array'd in smiles drew near,
Truth brought from heav'n her radiant ray
To banish pale despairing Fear.
Night's bashful queen, in light array'd,
Thro' dusky clouds in splendor shone,
And stars unnumb'ed lent their aid,
To make the joyful tidings known:

When lo! to tell each circling world
And send the gospel's glory far,
God from his mighty right hand hurl'd
Into wide space a brilliant star:
Its shining orb the Magi saw,
And trac'd it thro' the azure heav'n,
Then loud announc'd with sacred awe,
A MIGHTY PRINCE to Jewry giv'n.

A PRINCE OF PEACE bright angels sung
To day is born, let Heaven rejoice,
And ev'ry nation, ev'ry tongue
Sing praises with a cheerful voice,
Thus, in the EAST the Saviour rose
To bless the world with peace and joy,
To banish far our deadly foes,
And all the power of sin destroy.

The WEST now sees his glorious light,
Its cheering influence display,
Dispelling errors, murky night,
And joyous hail his natal day.

X. W. T.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper, are received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6½ cents each Number, payable every four weeks; or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

A NEW PATRIOTIC SONG.

Words by AMYNTOR—Music by Mr. R. TAYLOR.

Ad libitum.

Pomposo.



Hark! the drum!

Hark!

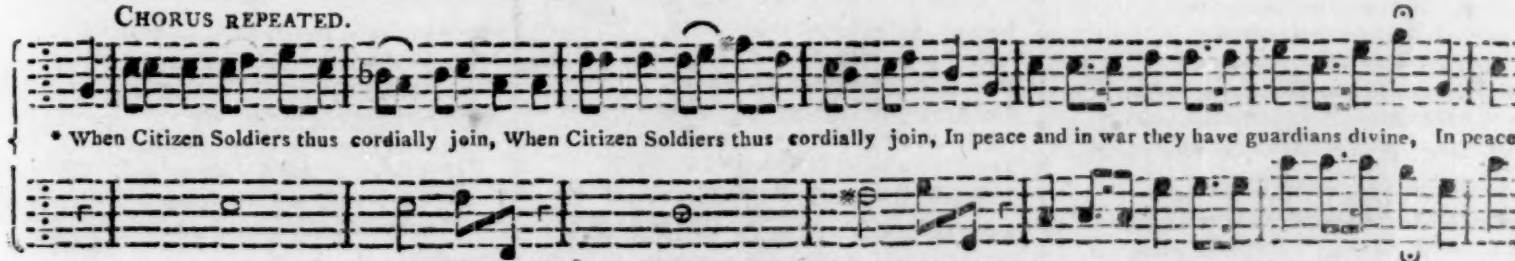


hark! my brave comrades, the sound of the drum, Now calls to parade our companions around; Come rouse from the softer enjoyments of home, And

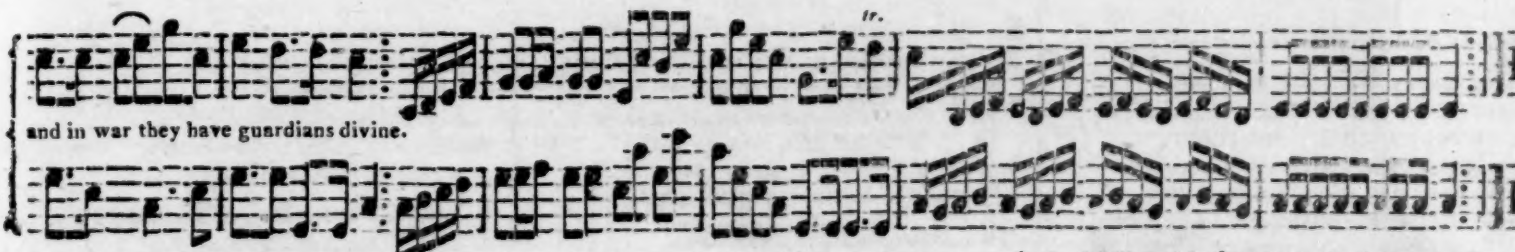


meet brother Freemen on Liberty's ground, And meet brother Freemen on Liberty's ground

CHORUS REPEATED.



* When Citizen Soldiers thus cordially join, When Citizen Soldiers thus cordially join, In peace and in war they have guardians divine, In peace



and in war they have guardians divine.

(2)

Let hirelings, for wages, their masters obey,
Upheld by a smile, and destroy'd by a frown;
Our YOUNG VOLUNTEERS have more valour than they,
For principle prompts, and fair Freedom's their own—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(3)

We arm not to sound our ambition afar,
Invade other states, or our empire extend:
For objects more grateful and dear, we learn war,—
The RIGHTS OF OUR NATURE to hold and defend:—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(4)

Our parents and sisters, our sweethearts and wives,—
These are our best treasures, our hopes, and our all: (lives,
For these we'll live Freemen, or forfeit our
When love, duty, honour, to action shall call:—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(5)

Our lov'd Constitution, so happy and free,
And blest Independence shall malice defy: (shall be;
For "measures, not men," still our motto
And he who attempts usurpation shall die:
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(6)

We'll look to our LEADER, the GREAT and the GOOD,
"First in battle, in peace, in his countrymen's love;"

And follow his footsteps thro' carnage, and blood,
To join him in armies and counsels above:
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(7)

Like him, our example, we'll guard our rich prize, (world;
The envy of nations, the pride of the
And should fell oppression & Tyranny rise,
They shall to destructive confusion be hurl'd:—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(8)

And if, in the struggle for glory and fame,
Our lives we should lose, and our heritage save,—
The PATRIOT's affection shall cherish our name;
The sweet tears of Virtue shall hallow our grave:
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

Handwritten title at the top of the page, possibly "The End of the World".

Handwritten text below the title, possibly a subtitle or author's name.

Main body of handwritten text, appearing to be a letter or a long note, covering most of the page.

Handwritten musical notation on the right margin, including staves and notes, with the word "joy" visible.

VARIETY.

A VAUXHALL SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOKE.

Vivace.



(1)

Ask you, who is singing here?
Who so blithe can thus appear?
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's VARIETY.

(2)

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free—
Such am I, VARIETY.

(3)

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there and every where,

Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing like VARIETY.

(4)

Love's sweet passion warms my breast;
Roving love but breaks the rest;
One good heart's enough for me,
Though my name's VARIETY.

(5)

Crowded scenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve,—
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, VARIETY.

Handwritten musical score on aged, stained paper. The page contains approximately 15 staves of music, with some staves having lyrics written below them. The ink is faded and the paper shows significant water damage and discoloration. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and staining.

Partial view of the adjacent page, showing musical notation and the word "joy".

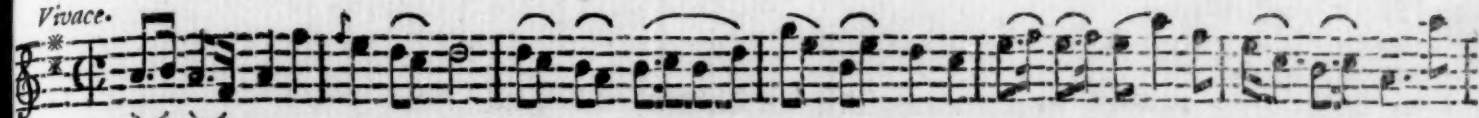
Vi
joy

V A R I E T Y.

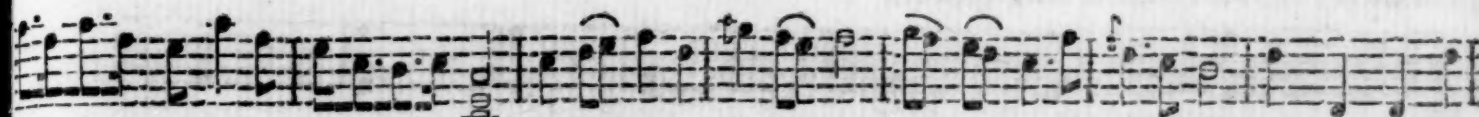
A VAUXHALL SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOKE.

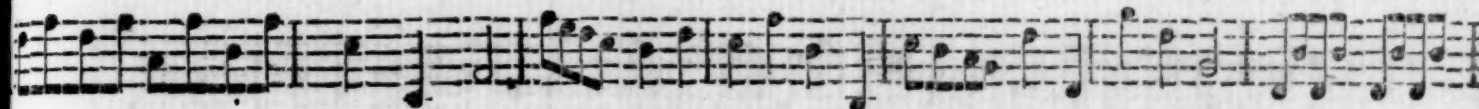
Vivace.



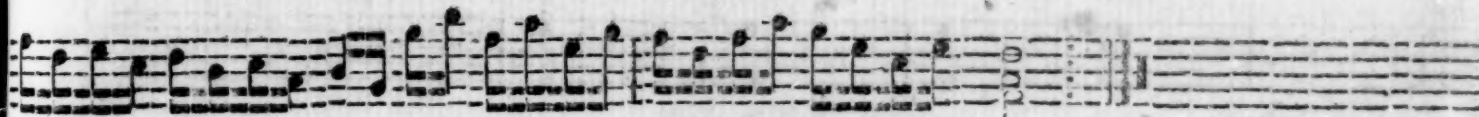
Ask you, who is singing here? Who so blythe can thus appear? Who so blythe can thus ap-pear?



I'm the child of joy and glee, And my name's Va-ri-e-ty. I'm the child of



joy and glee, And my name's Va-ri-e-ty, Va-ri-e-ty, Va-ri-e-ty, And my name's Va-ri-e-ty.



(1)

Ask you, who is singing here?
Who so blithe can thus appear?
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's VARIETY.

(2)

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free—
Such am I, VARIETY.

(3)

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there and every where,

Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing like VARIETY.

(4)

Love's sweet passion warms my breast;
Roving love but breaks the rest;
One good heart's enough for me,
Though my name's VARIETY.

(5)

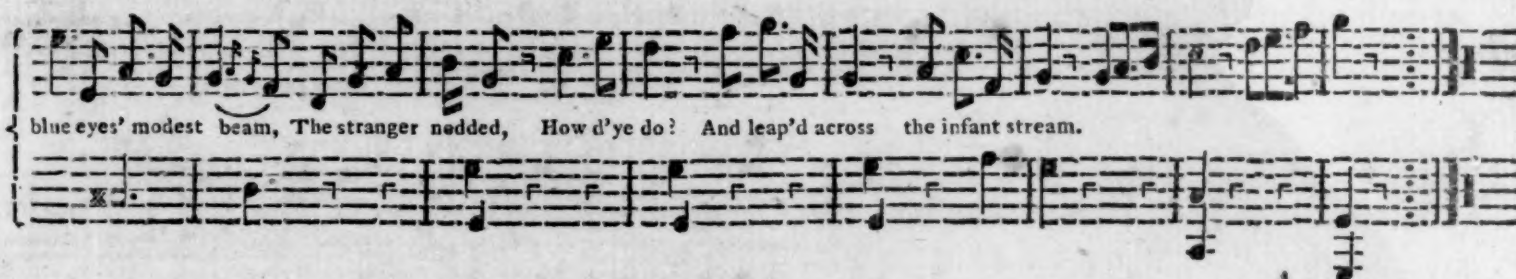
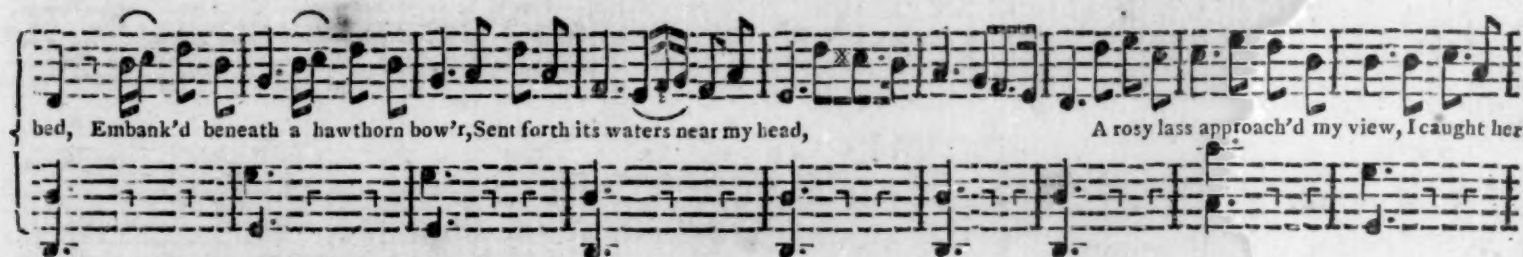
Crowded scenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve,—
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, VARIETY.

ROSY HANNAH.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, AUTHOR OF THE *FARMER'S BOY*.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. BENJAMIN CARR.

Andante.



(1)

A spring o'erhung with many a flower,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.
A rosy lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam;
The stranger nodded—"How d'ye do,"
And leap'd across the infant stream.

(2)

The water heedless pass'd away;
With me her glowing image stay'd;
I strove from that auspicious day
To meet and bless the lovely maid:
I met her, where, beneath our feet,
Thro' downy moss the wild thyme grew;
Nor moss elastic, flowers, tho' sweet,
Match'd HANNAH's cheek of rosy hue.

(3)

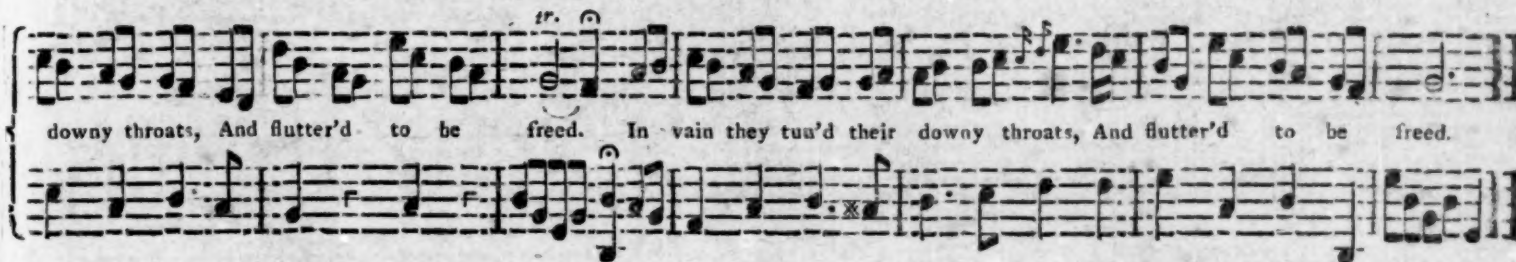
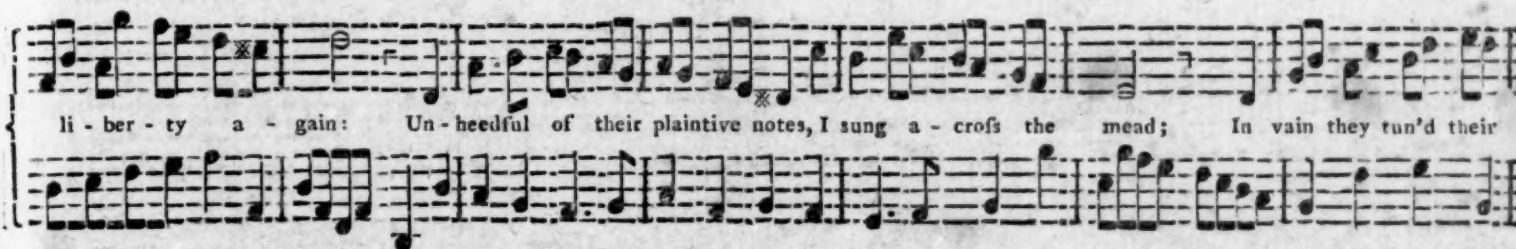
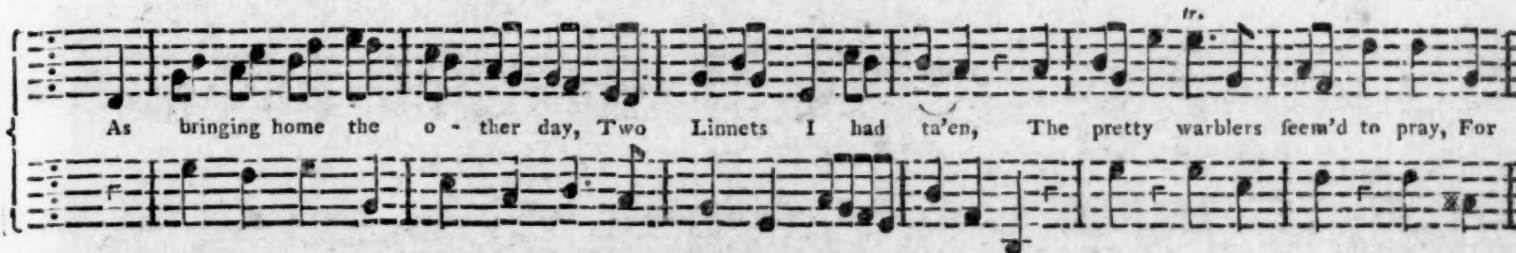
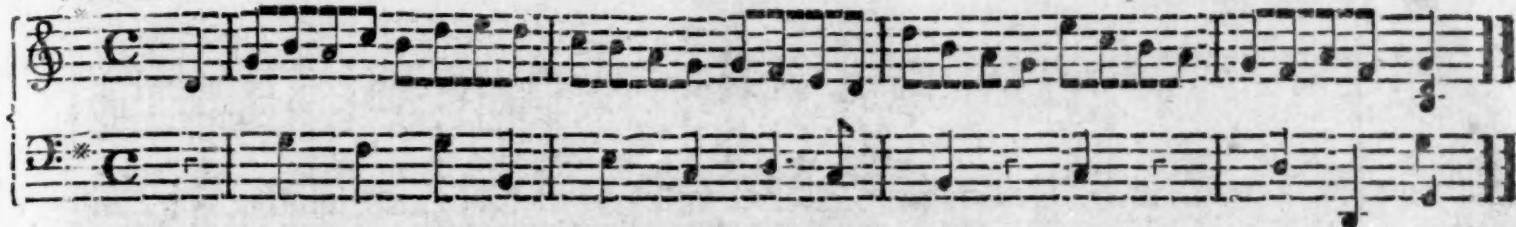
I met her, where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon, rising, gave
New glories to her clouded train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heav'n are flown,
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy HANNAH is my own.

A blank ledger page with a vertical line on the left and a horizontal line at the bottom. The page is otherwise empty of text or markings.

THE LINNETS.

Composed by the late Mr. JONATHAN SNOW.

Moderato.



[1]

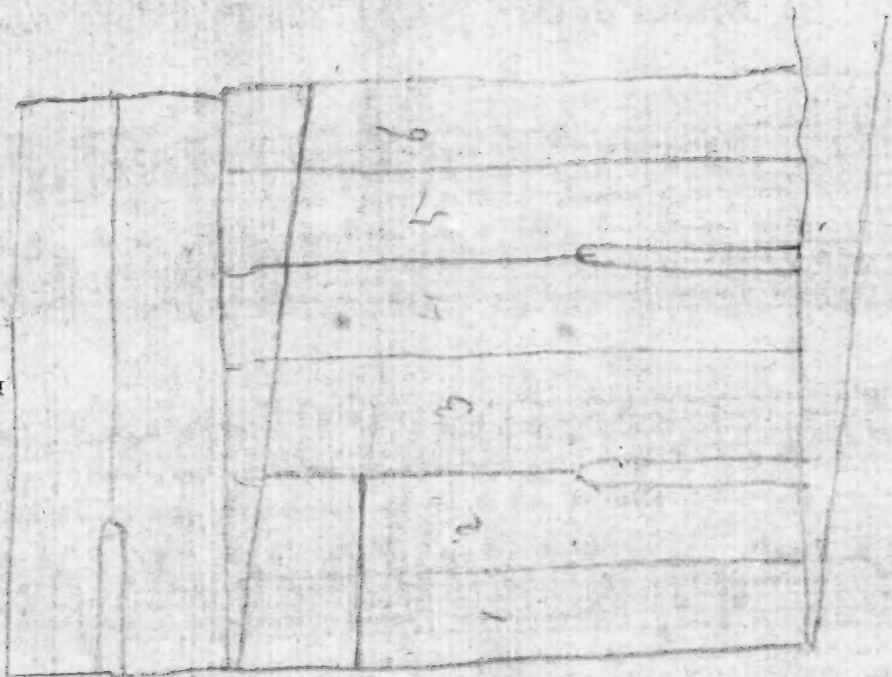
As bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sung across the mead;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

[2]

As passing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
When Clora's charms I view'd:
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor cou'd my sighs prevail.

[3]

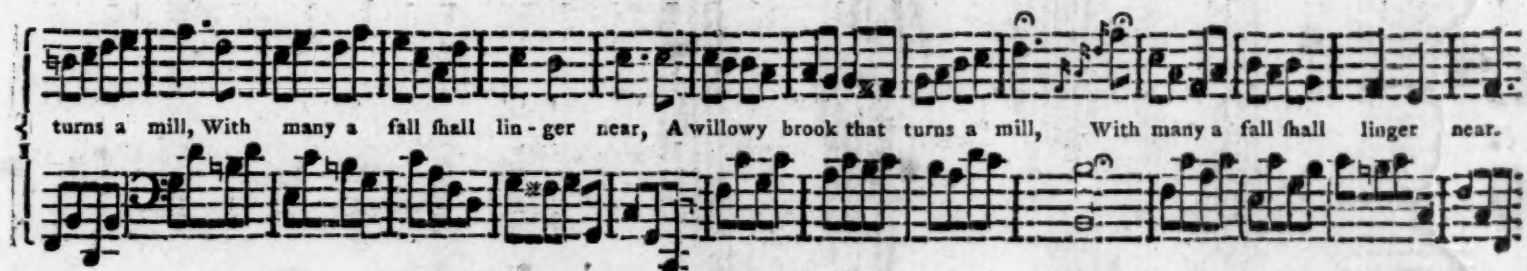
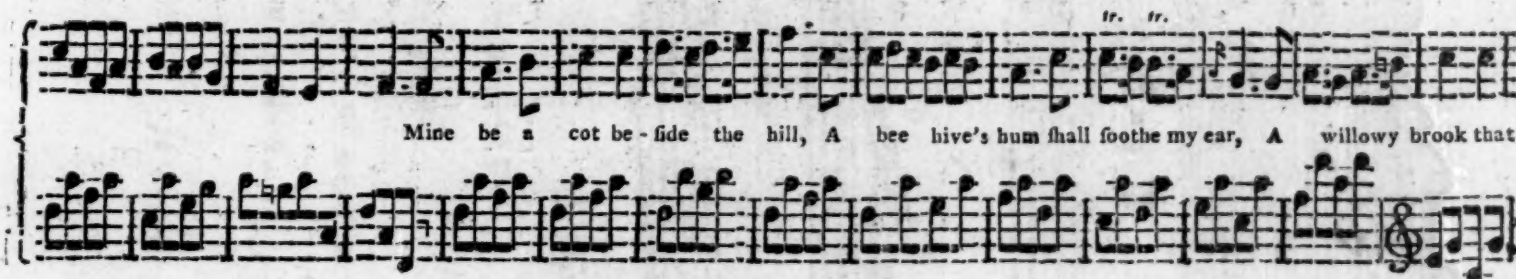
Soon thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breast,
And thus I, as compassion bade,
The feather'd pair address'd:—
Ye little warblers cheerful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you.



A W I S H.

Music by Mr. JOHN I. HAWKINS of Philadelphia.

Moderato.



MINE be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near,

*The swallow oft beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest,*

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
And Nancy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown, and apron blue.

*The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven,*



2

Oh hard the fate, I'm bound to part,
And leave my love behind;
Think on the pangs that rend my heart,
Left you thou'd prove unkind.

3

Away with doubt and haggard care,
My Sal will constant prove;
When Tom returns, his charming fair
Will blefs him with her love.

Enguard, for the Philadelphia Repository.

N^o 6

TOM'S FAREWEL TO SAL

Composed by R: TAYLOR of Philadelphia

Printed by G. Willig

Allegro

The Anchor's

up the sails are spread my dearest Sal a - dieu;

To ev'ry

pleasure now I'm dead and only think on you and

only think on you.

CHARMING ANNA.

An Original Song—The Music composed by an Amateur.

Andante.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the melody. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system contains the first line of the song, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The lyrics are: 'Ye Muses nine in - - spire my lays, In hon - our of my charming An - na; As - sist me while I try to praise, The blush, the lip, the teeth of Anna, The blush, the lip, the teeth of An - na.' The score ends with a double bar line.

Ye Muses nine in - - spire my lays, In hon - our of my charming An - na; As - sist me

while I try to praise, The blush, the lip, the teeth of Anna, The blush, the lip, the teeth of An - na.

YE muses nine inspire my lays,
In honour of my charming Anna,—
Assist me while I try to praise
The blush, the lip, the teeth of Anna.

Nature intent to deck the form
Of heart-ensnaring lovely Anna,
First stole its freshness from the morn,
To grace the face of blooming Anna.

Next blushes, pilfered from the rose,
Adorn'd the oval cheeks of Anna:
The ivory's whiteness then, she shews,
Mark'd on the teeth of smiling Anna.

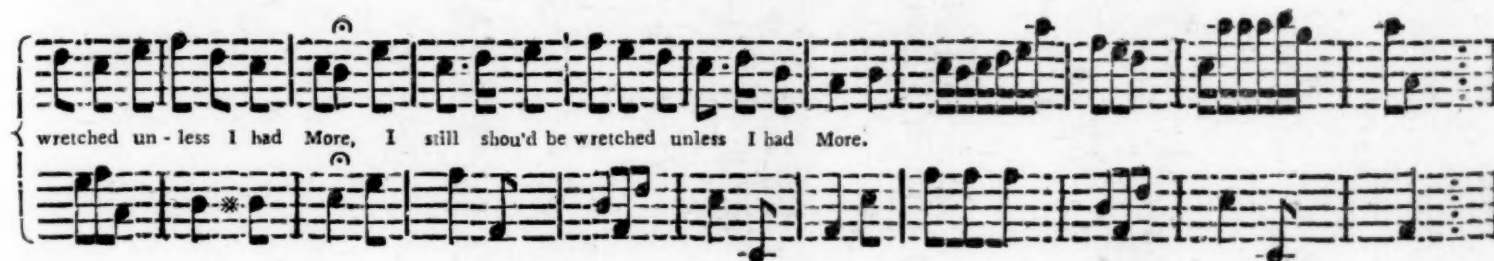
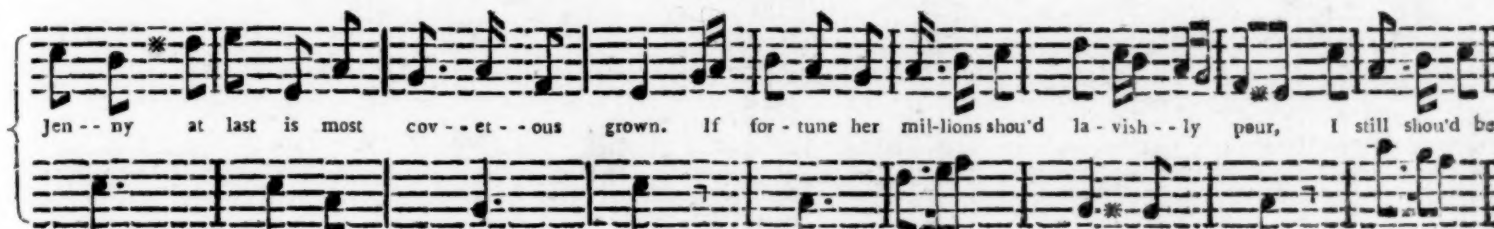
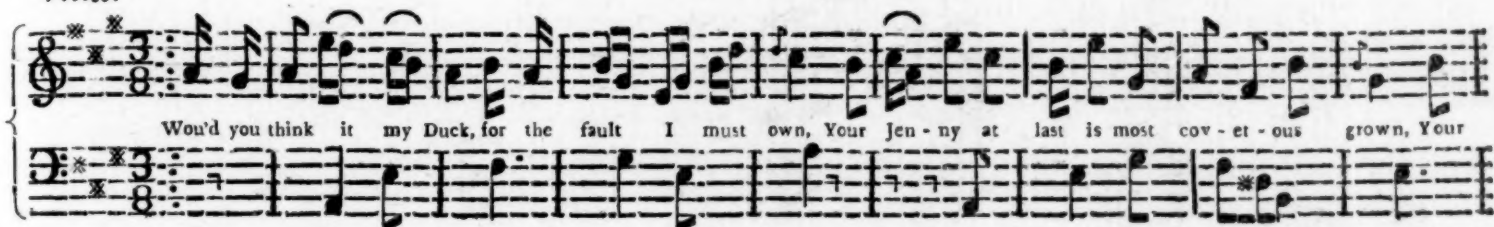
She gave her lips the ruby's dye,—
O who can speak the sweets of Anna?
The blush, the lip, the cheek, the eye,
The teeth of soul-ensnaring Anna.

From Miss Hamilton to Miss Duck,

OCCASIONED BY HER LOVE FOR MR. MORE.

Set to Music by Mr. Langdon, formerly Organist at the Cathedral, Exeter, in England.

Vivace.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1.) Wou'd you think it my Duck, (for the fault I must own)
Your Jenny at last is most covetous grown ;
If fortune her millions shou'd lavishly pour,
I still shou'd be wretched unless I had <i>More</i>.</p> <p>2.) As gay as I am, cou'd I spend all my days
In op'ras, in dances, ridottos and plays;
Her fate, your poor Jenny, with tears wou'd deplore,
For, alas! my dear girl, what are these without <i>More</i>.</p> <p>3.) The Giant, poor devil, has just now been here,
And offers to settle eight hundred a year;
But I answer'd the wretch, as I've answer'd a score,
You know it won't do, Sir, for I must have <i>More</i>.</p> | <p>4.) Mamma, she cries Jenny, why all this ado?
You may have a husband, you know child, or two:
But I whimper'd and fretted, and pouted and swore,
That I wou'd not have any unless I had <i>More</i>.</p> <p>5.) In spite of this craving, I vow and protest,
That avarice ne'er had a place in my breast:
For I'm sure I'd not envy the miser his store,
If I had but enough for myself and <i>one More</i>.</p> <p>6.) You'll wonder, my love, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me;
You shan't know his name, tho' I told you before,
It begins with an M, but I dare not say <i>More</i>.</p> |
|---|--|

From Miss Hamilton to Miss Litch

My dear Miss Litch

I have just received your letter of the 11th inst.

and am very glad to hear from you.

I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same.

I have not much news to write at present.

I am, dear Miss Litch, very truly yours,

M. Hamilton

P.S. I have just received your letter of the 11th inst.

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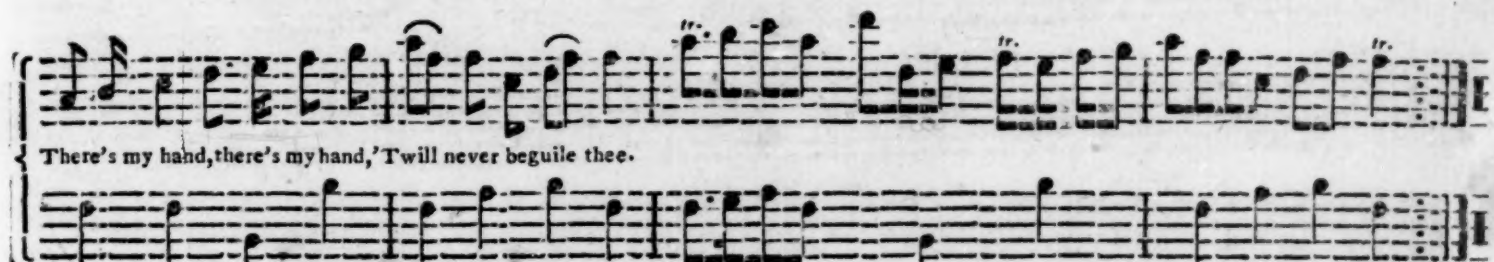
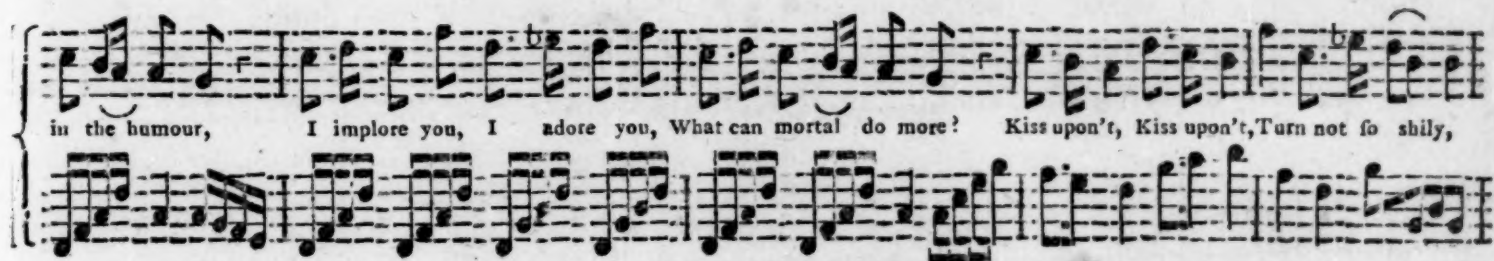
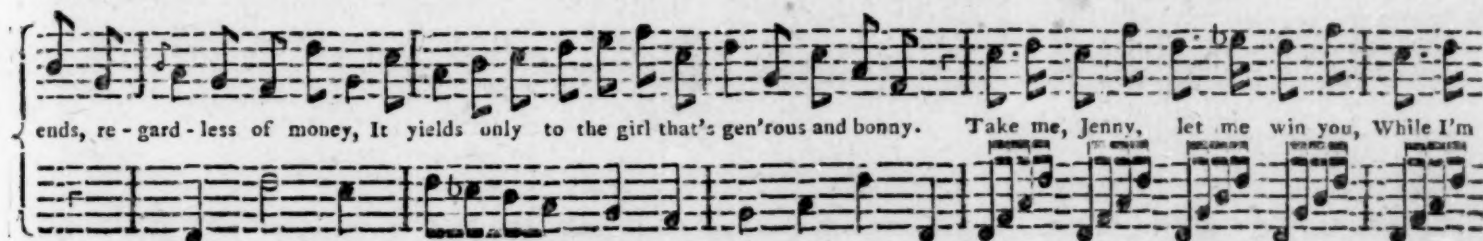
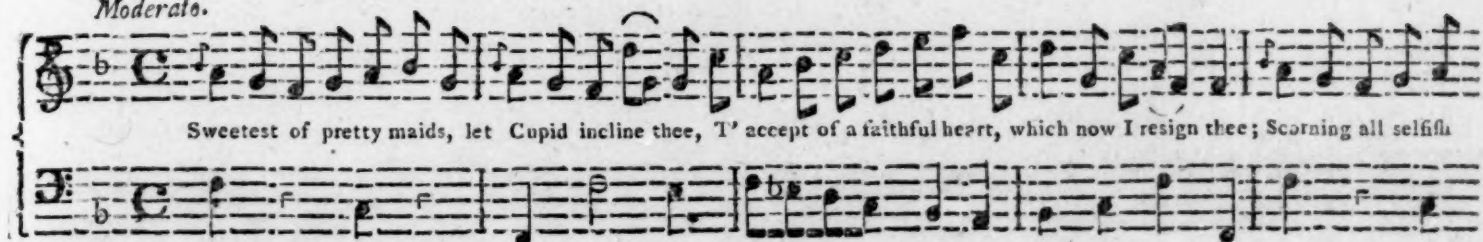
P.S. I have just received your letter of the 11th inst.

and am very glad to hear from you.

TAKE ME JENNY.

Composed by Dr. ARNE.

Moderato.



(1)

Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee,
T' accept a faithful heart, which now I resign thee;
Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.

Take me Jenny, let me win you,
While I'm in the humour;
I implore you, I adore you,
What can mortal do more?
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't,
Turn not so shily;
There's my hand, there's my hand,
'Twill never beguile thee.

(2)

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting,
Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms inviting;
Oft, at the milk-white churn, with rapture I've seen them—
But oh how I've sigh'd, and wish'd my own arms between them,
Take me Jenny, &c. &c.

(3)

I've store of sheep, my love, and goats on the mountain,
And water to brew good ale, from yon crystal fountain;
I've too a pretty cot, with garden and land to't—
But all will be doubly sweet when you put a hand to't.
Take me Jenny, &c. &c.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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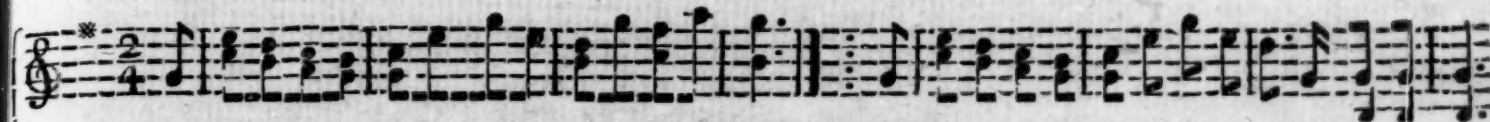
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Tho' Foster'd in the Humble Cot.

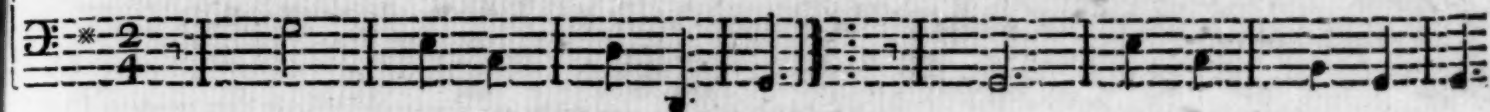
Sung by Miss ARNOLD in the *Red Cross Knights*.

COMPOSED BY MR. BENJAMIN CARR.

Andante.



Tho' foster'd in the humble cot, My friends of low degree,



A high - er state I en - - vied not, While blest, while blest with Li - ber - ty, A higher state I



envied not, I envied not, While blest, while blest with Liberty.

[1]

Tho' foster'd in the humble cot,
My friends of low degree,
A higher state I envied not,
While blest with liberty.

[2]

Then sweetly danc'd the hours away,
What sorrow could I prove,
With all to make the bosom gay,
Sweet liberty and love.

[3]

But now my heart is full of woe,
Ah! well-a-day! poor me,
The worst of misery to know,
The loss of liberty.

[4]

Yet still be calm, my anxious breast,
Hope comfort from above,
Kind heav'n again can make me blest
With liberty and love.

Tho' Foster'd in the Humble Cot.

By Mrs. Anne Foster, in the New Great Britain

Printed by W. B. 1734

Vol. 1

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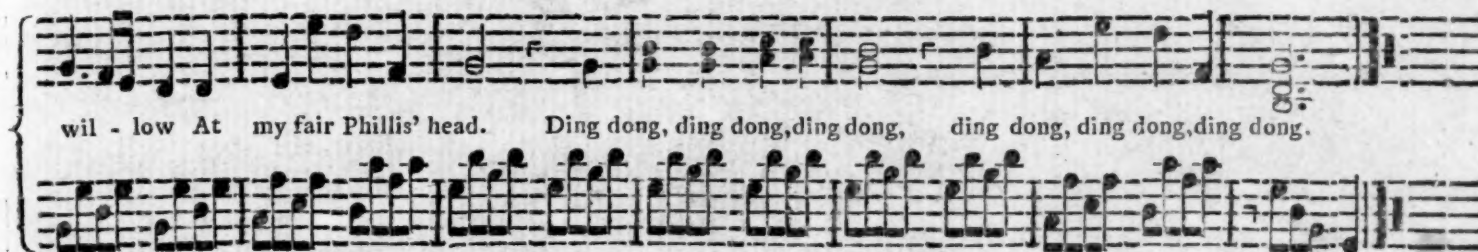
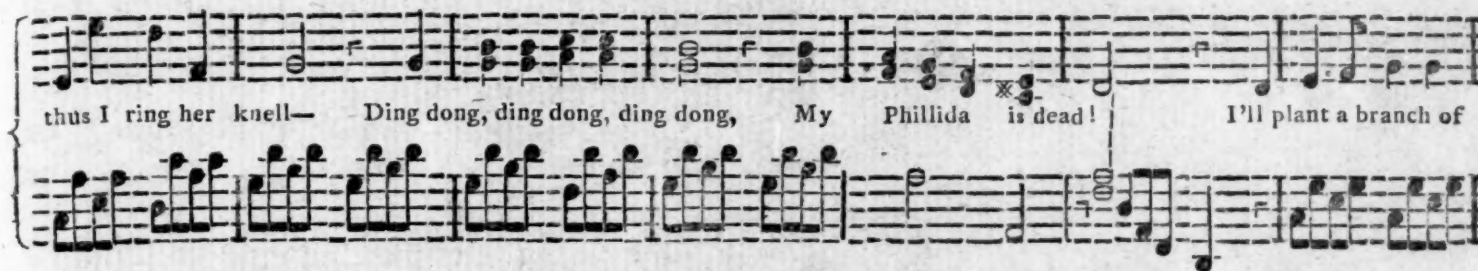
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Corydon's doleful Knell.



MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewell!
Ah me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell—

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!
My Phillida is dead!
I'll plant a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silks so gay
She in her shroud is laid.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maids in fair array,
Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.

In sable will I mourn;
Black shall be all my weed:
Ah me! I am forlorn,
Now Phillada is dead.

Her hearse it shall be carried
By youths that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell—

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keep them ever green.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.